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A VACCINE FOR CORRUPTION

VISITOR from Detroit, the miracle city of Michigan, was driven over the completed part of the Parkway and the plan for the comprehensive project was explained to him.

It will have taken virtually two decades to realize the Parkway dream and translate into broad boulevards lined with architectural triumphs the vision of the nineties.

Not many months ago a private citizen, whose civic consciousness expresses itself repeatedly in the accomplishment of community enterprises that brighten life and ease its loads, interested himself in providing Christmas cheer for kiddies.

He planned a spectacular event, designed to delight the eyes as well as warm the hearts of children. There lives in Philadelphia a political boss. His power is vast and he uses it.

We have got rid of grape juice diplomacy, but an era of grape juice approacheth.

Political debauchery does not thrive in sanitary places. It cannot survive beauty of surroundings, and in atmospheres of cheerfulness it withers and dries up.

WELL DONE, MERION! An excellent piece of work that the Merion Civic Association has done in arranging for the purchase of the famous Lancaster pike by the Commonwealth.

when the fact is taken into account that less than half a mile of the fifteen miles of the pike skirts their own suburb.

GENERAL APATHY—that most disheartening commander—seems to have folded his tent like the Arab and silently stolen away.

This is, indeed, a thrilling achievement, whose meaning is enriched by the knowledge that we have altogether been spared the spectacle of a hysterical campaign for enlistments.

Seventy thousand more volunteers are now wanted for the regular army. The proud spirit of American youth already manifested emboldens us to prophesy that they will be raised promptly.

"OUT FOR THE COIN"

THE Mayor of Philadelphia telegraphs our two well-known political contractors, who temporarily hold in their hands the destinies of Pennsylvania, to admonish them that if they do not rush through the Legislature a bill permitting them to dip their fingers into the city's sacred transit and port funds there will be no money for some time to come for them to get in the form of juicy municipal contracts.

Larkin's not doing it in New York, just now.

It argues no good for Philadelphia when Little Rollo waxes to Uncle Jim.

Much as we all like our bread to rise, we also devoutly hope that it will fall—below ten cents.

Germany's proposed card index of food supplies suggests the delirium of reading a Delmonico menu in the heart of the great Sahara.

"The more enemies, the more honor," declares General von Blume. The world is certainly doing its best to satisfy Germany's lust for this kind of luster.

Perhaps the two Roosevelt boys now in the army are looking forward to an opportunity of standing on the French coast, raising their binoculars to the west and murmuring the refrain of that once popular ditty, "Here Comes My Daddy Now."

The skeptical saying that "faith is believing what you know ain't so" has been triumphantly refuted by humanitarian Philadelphia's contribution of her \$3,000,000 quota to the Red Cross fund.

Conferences were held on the train between Mayor Smith, Senator Vane, Attorney General Francis Shunk, Brown, Chairman Griffith, of Councils Finance Committee; William Drayton Lewis, the transit legal adviser of the city, and State Representatives Hecht, McNichol and Reynolds. Transit Director Twining was with the Mayor's party, but he did not take part in the conference—News report.

Just because Winston Churchill's appeal for a great offensive by the Allied fleets, now the most gigantic naval aggregation in the world's annals, echoes the thoughts of untechnical Mr. Average Man is by no means a reason why the plan should be rejected.

REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND

British Thinkers Are Beginning to Wonder How and When the Monarchy Will Cease to Be

By GILBERT VIVIAN SELDES Special Correspondence Evening Ledger

THE latest game in London is called "Thinking the Next One." Next what? Revolution, to be sure. Nothing has so excited and unnerved and impressed the British mind since the war began as the revolution in Russia.

There are several reasons why a revolution is unlikely, some of them on the surface, like the well-known and exaggerated British traditionalism, and some deeper, like the question of India.

At the same time the feeling of democracy has crystallized. In a pamphlet which was sent me a few weeks ago I read first of the British Empire, then of the British Commonwealth, later of the British democracy, and finally, quite casually, of "this republic of ours."

But if the monarchy has not increased its prestige, it has not had the opportunity to make mistakes. The day after the Russian revolution you could have seen and heard many outbreaks of anger.

The Waters of Healing

If you can imagine anything funnier or more incongruous than an attempt at a regular, thorough, western band being in a stony, back-country Virginia town, go ahead and put Irvin Cobb and Stephen Leacock into the discard.

When I reached the Davis estate party Mrs. Davis had just finished hanging out the ancestral family wash, and after we had passed the time of day as they do in Virginia I said, "Oh, Mrs. Davis, in that real estate prospectus the land company speaks about the wonderful medicinal properties of your spring. Now you know, I'm shooting over this country quite a few seasons and I never heard of anybody doing any doctoring with that water."

"Well, I dunno," said Mrs. Davis. "You remember that ole yallah dawg o' Tom's? Well, he's been havin' the mange awful bad, and he's been rollin' in that spring, and he's gettin' better to think that it does him a powerful lot o' good."

It was a worthy boniface. Thinks to himself, thinks he: This tavern is a friendly place, but lacketh dignity.

But we'll get along faster in prose, perhaps. Well, this worthy landlord thought "The Old Cock" got a respectable enough name for his house, so he changed it to "The Bishop Blake," thinking he would appeal to a wider clientele.

Two motortrucks, notwithstanding the great speed with which those things usually travel through our streets, were not quick enough to escape the keen eyes of a couple of our scouts.

In the long run. In the long run! The phrase leaps to the tongue. Heavy with promise of a brighter day.

November must melt to tender May, And from the hostile tides on which we're hung We yet may drift into a placid bay.

The American Press Humorists planted their chestnut tree in N. Y. yesterday and we were not there to help. We wanted to hang upon its tender branches our notion of the oldest joke in the world. This is it: Eve—You never quarreled with me before.

Tom Daly's Column

THE MAN at the next desk, in reply to our question, said, "I can never be sure of the exact date of my wedding without asking my wife to take off her ring and look at the inscription." He meant the exact day, not the month, of course.

A BALLADE OF BRIDES

For brides who grace these passing days The poets lyric garlands tuck; For them the tutting song of praise Resounds with many a fulsome line, And unproved worth as half divine Is glorified in tinkling tunes.

Though flowery wreaths and poets lay To grace the new-made bride combine, Oh, let us rather tuck the bans For tried and true ones, thine and mine.

L'ENVOI

Old friend, whose bride of Auld Lang Syne Still sits thy life with honeycombs, Thy toast to wine, my glass to thee— We'll toast the brides of other Junes!

Which recalls the remark of one of our own bright young men "Street cleaners in Philadelphia are only seen in parades." But this is not true; we ourselves saw one with his broom the other morning very busily engaged reading a paper as he sat inside the door of a friendly firehouse.



THE MYSTERIES OF RECRUITING

How the Least Likely Candidate Took Precedence Over Five Others

"IT IS not that there is anything specifically wrong the matter with me," said the slightly stout chap of thirty-four summers, "but I am, generally speaking, not in the pink of condition, not in shape for the athletics which army life virtually amounts to."

It was a typical argument, based upon everything that is honest and thoughtful and modest, based upon anything you like except the truth. Men talk of enlisting as if it required a physique and muscular development that would put them on the All-American football team.

Here is a true story of a recruit right here in Philadelphia, true in every respect except the name: Leighton Sears is a musician. The public has not heard of him because he is an amateur and proud of it.

COMING ALONG Talk of the country; it's coming along. Help it a bit with a smile and a song. Feel that you trust it and say it right out, Uncle Sam knows what he's talking about.

Talk of the country; don't feel the alarm of those that are seeking to do it some harm. Just you believe that it's right, and you'll find There are lots of your neighbors exactly your mind.

Talk of the country; it's fine as you'd wish; Bubbling and humming; its old flag a-swish, its heart in communion with right and with truth. Strong in each muscle and sound in each tooth.

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One of them could have thrown Leighton across the room with one brawny arm. But he had seventeen good teeth out of a possible score of thirty-two. One had won medals for sprinting. But had sprinted a bit too much and they

What Do You Know?

- 1. Near what city are Mexico's valuable oil wells?
2. Who solved the mystery of the Rosetta Stone?
3. What American President particularly prized noisy celebrations of Fourth of July?
4. What is the real name of the French writer usually known as Pierre Loti?
5. What was the first Spanish settlement in the New World called and where was it located?
6. What is the largest planet in the solar system?
7. What are the two chief sects of Mohammedanism?
8. Who is the new Premier of Austria?
9. What is the meaning of the Latin phrase, "Panem et circenses"?
10. What French general is regarded as having been the particular savior of Paris in 1914?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. The Ukraine is a vast section of European Russia, embracing the Governments of Kiev, Odessa, Tcherkassy and Karkov, and watered by the River Dnieper.
2. Admiral Sims is the commander-in-chief of the American fleet in the North Atlantic.
3. Richard Strauss is ranked as the leading composer of contemporary German.
4. The Icelandic language is spoken in Iceland.
5. The correct wording of the Shakespearean quatrain is: "The Moberguedan calendar, which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."
6. Philip II is the Spanish King who once claimed the English throne because of his being a descendant of the House of Plantagenet.
7. Lewis Carroll's real name was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson.
8. "Landscape" means, literally, fit to be the subject of a striking picture. "Pictorial" is a word applied to a style of picture dealing in the North Atlantic.
9. The year 622 in our era corresponds to the year one in the Mohammedan calendar. That date marks the famous passage of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina.
10. Newark is the largest city in New Jersey.

OLD-TIME SUFFRAGISTS

THE woman suffrage movement is no new thing, although it is often carelessly classed with various "modern" ideas. Plato, writing 2500 years ago, proposed in his Republic that women should have the same education as men and do the same work, "being lesser men."

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Continuation of the 'What Do You Know?' section, including answers to yesterday's quiz and the 'Old-Time Suffragists' article.